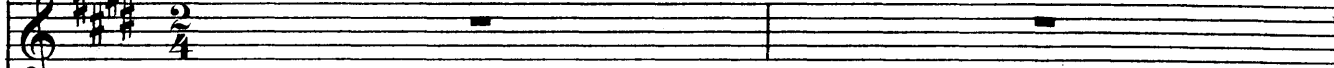


LONGSHORE.

Words from "A Cornish Haul" by
BERNARD MOORE.

Music by
WILFRID SANDERSON.

Andante con moto.


Voice. 

(In a swaying, plaintive manner.)

Piano. 

mp

We picks up bits o'



wreck - age, From Pen - tire to Port Quin, An'



'long-shore to Tre - gar - dock Sad... store be wash - in'

cresc.
in. 'Tis planks an' crates an' life - belts, An'

bits o' shat - tered spar, *dim.* Come whisht - ly in to

mind..... us That we be set to

war.

mp

LONGSHORE.

WE picks up bits o' wreckage,
From Pentire to Port Quin,
An' 'longshore to 'Tregardock
Sad store be washin' in.

'Tis planks an' crates an' life belts,
An' bits o' shattered spar,
Come whishtly in to mind us
That we be set to war.

Off shore about the Channel
The boats go east an' west ;
In shore we'm busy fishin'
The grounds we know the best.

The farmer saves his harvest,
The childer happy play,
It seems as foes an' fightin'
Must all be far away.

But bits o' wreck come tellin'
That while so safe we be,
There's death an' turble danger
Awaitin' in the sea.

* * *

O, may the Lord of sailors,
Whose watches never cease,
Guide them thro' all the dangers
Into the Port of Peace.

BERNARD MOORE.